THE WINNER TO THE WORLD.

You may laugh at my pains, you may say
I'm a fool to expect to succeed;
You may try to heap things in my way,
You may answer me "No" when I plead;
You may plot to destroy me and meet
My every advance with a frown,
You may spread out your snares for my feet,
But you can't keep me down!

You may question my right to aspire,
You may rail at my wish to mount high;
You may hold back the aid I require,
My worth you may grimly deny;
You may try to entice me away
From the path that leads up to renown,
You may scourge me and scoff and betray,
But you can't keep me down!

You may bring all your cunning to bear,
For the purpose of breaking my will;
You may load me with fetters to wear,
You may rail at my strength and my skill.
You may rob me of love and of trust,
You may call me knave, coward or clown,
You may press my face into the dust,
But you can't keep me down!
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN "THE GREAT LORD HAWKE" WAS KING OF THE SEA

BY

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "Commodore Paul Jones," "Reuben James," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"And how would you prevent it, Mademoiselle Anne?"

"By standing in your way, so!" she answered, stretching out her slender arms and barring the window with her slight figure. "A feeble barrier, you say; yet you were my knight—even though only in play—and I, at least, do not forget it. Gentlemen do not pass to freedom over the bodies of their ladies," she continued quaintly.

"Ah!" he cried, looking at her with mingled pride and vexation, "I could brush you aside in a moment."

"But you would not, Sir Philip," she went on, lapsing into the old style of address. "Besides, I should scream, and then—and you cannot go down those rocks at night. The danger—it would kill me—the thought hurts me here."

She laid her hand innocently upon her heart.

"The baron of old did it," he answered.

"Oh, yes; but he went for love."

"And I for liberty."

"And is liberty stronger than love, monsieur?"

"By heaven, Little France," he answered impulsively, calling her by a name which she loved to hear, "I know not if it be! I am afraid 'tis not, since——"

"Since what, monsieur?"

"Since I stay here with you," he replied decisively. "Now, you must go to bed. I want not your death upon my hands."

He stepped forward and lifted her in his arms again. She weakly protested, but allowed it. They both felt the end of the game had come, yet for the last time she indulged herself. To-morrow would see—nay, to-night saw her a child no longer. Yet she clung to the spirit of the play, the hardest to be lost of all the ideas youth cherishes.

"You promise me on your word of honor that you will not seek to escape when I am gone to bed, Sir Philip?" she asked, nestling against him, her arms around his neck, her head on his shoulder, as he carried her toward her chamber.

"I promise you, Lady Anne, on the faith of a knight—your knight."

"And you are not playing this time?"

"Not this time," he answered, setting her down at the door of the room. "Good-night," he added, pressing his lips as of old to the little brown hand.

"I trust you, Sir Philip," she answered. "Good-night, and we will never play together as we have."

"Yes, yes, to-morrow!" he cried after her, as she shook her head sadly and disappeared.

"Good God, man!" said Grafton to himself, as he sat down in his room to think it over, "you had a glorious chance for liberty, and here you had to go indulge in theatrics with that little Rohan girl! And you are fool enough to be satisfied with the situation, my boy," he soliloquized. "Are you falling in love with a chit of 13? And yet how she looked when I—— Pull yourself together, man! 'Tis time to get out of here—— Such a thing is preposterous—and impossible at best."

And yet he had lived long enough to know that it is always the impossible that happens when hearts are under consideration.

Fortunately it was only the next morning that the marquis came home with the welcome tidings for Grafton—or were they unwelcome after all?—that he was exchanged, that he was free to go that instant if he would.

"I am glad, Sir Philip," said Anne, weeping as she bade him good-bye alone in the tower-room, "that you didn't run away last night. You will be my knight in earnest and come back to me some day? You promise me?"

"Yes, in earnest," he answered, smiling, "and some day I shall come back, I promise you."

CHAPTER IX.

THE GENERAL'S HEART.

FIVE years had elapsed since Philip Grafton left the Rose of the Rohans in tears, and a thousand leagues of ocean now divided him from the old Breton tower; five years filled with high endeavor and honorable enterprise. He had risen to the rank of post-captain some years since and had been successfully engaged in his profession in many seas. His father had died meanwhile and he was alone in the world. To no woman among the many who had looked love in his eyes had he given his affection, and his friends regarded him as a confirmed bachelor. Was he still dreaming of Anne? It is enough to say he had not forgotten her—perhaps that is all.

It was evening on the 12th of September, 1759, a clear though moonless night. The wind fell as the sun set, and the ships slowly drifted up the river with the heavy flood-tide. On the shore to the left lay the camp of Bougainville. The white tents of the soldiery on the heights of Cap-Rouge could be dimly detected in the soft illumination from the irradiating stars overhead. Lights twinkled here and there on the heights, or moved along on the crest of the bluffs, showing that, as usual, the French were on the alert and watchful.

There was much unwonted but subdued bustle on the English fleet as well. Men were being paraded and mustered on the decks, arms and equipments looked to, ammunition pouches filled to repletion, and the haversacks and canteens of the men provided with food and water, for it was hardly known when and where they would get anything to eat after they left the ships.

Far down the river the distant lights on Cape Diamond were almost hidden in clouds of smoke, and the muffled yet continuous roaring of the heavy guns from Admiral Saunders' ships of the line and the batteries at Point Levis, with the answer of the French

TWO LANTERNS WERE HOISTED.

from the works at Beauport and the citadel of Quebec, told a tale of furious cannonade. The admiral was certainly doing his part. As he had promised, he would keep them busy at the end of the line.

Four bells in the first night watch had just been struck on the 50-gun ship Sutherland, carrying the flag of Admiral Holmes, commanding the squadron of Cap-Rouge, when a boat was seen making its way through the water approaching the starboard gangway of the ship. Hails passed between the Sutherland and the approaching cutter.

"Boat ahoy!"

"The Porcupine!" promptly answered a rather small man in the stern-sheets of the boat, giving the name of the vessel he commanded and following his reply with the sharp command, "Way enough! In bows!"

As he spoke he motioned to a midshipman who sat beside him. Following his officer's direction, the helm was put over and the boat swept gently alongside the gangway, the men unshipping the oars at the same time.

"Leave a keeper in the boat and let the men go aboard the ship," continued the officer, rising, "then have the boat dropped astern. You will follow me on deck, Mr. Robison," he added, as he seized the manropes and ran rapidly up the battens to the gangway.

"Good evening, Capt. Grafton," said the officer of the deck, removing his cap and bowing low to the newcomer as he stepped aboard. "The general has been asking for you."

"Ah, good evening, Hatfield! You say the general is waiting for me? Where is he?"

"In the cabin yonder, sir."

"That's well. Will you have me announced?"

"Mr. Giles," said Hatfield, turning to his midshipman, "present my compliments to the general and say that Capt. Grafton is here to see him."

"Ay, ay, sir!" replied the boy, touching his cap and springing aft toward the cabin.

"'Tis a fine night, Hatfield," remarked Grafton, as they stood waiting.

"Indeed yes, sir."

"And a good time for our enterprise. I believe it is set finally for this evening."

"I believe so, sir. The orders have been sent around to all the ships."

"And time enough," responded Grafton. "We cannot stay in this cursed river much longer. Winter will soon be on us."

"The general's compliments to Mr. Hatfield, and will Capt. Grafton please come below in the cabin?" interrupted the midshipman.

"By the way, Hatfield," said Grafton, as he turned to follow the midshipman, "where are Capt. Rous and the admiral?"

"Below sir, in the admiral's cabin, supervising the details for the evening. Do you go with them, captain?"

"I believe that I am to have charge of the debarkation," answered Grafton heartily; "would you like to go?"

"Indeed I would, sir."

"Very well, I'll speak to Capt. Rous. I shall doubtless see you again in a few moments."

Presently Grafton entered the cabin.

"Ah, Grafton, glad to see you!" said a tall, thin man seated at a table, who appeared to be very ill. "Prompt as usual, I see."

"You said nine o'clock, general, and you know we sailors can be quite as punctual as you gentlemen of the army—wind and tide permitting, of course."

"Well, captain, I—but stay! You will excuse us, Monckton, and gentlemen all, I am sure," said the general, turning to his most trusted subordinate and three or four staff officers with whom he had been in consultation, "I have something of a private nature to say to Capt. Grafton, and with your permission—no, no, keep your seats!" he added, as he saw them rising, "we will withdraw to the inner cabin. You see, I have two rooms, Grafton, by the courtesy of Capt. Rous, luxurious quarters for a soldier in the course of an active campaign."

The two men, bowing to the officers, who returned their salutations with elaborate courtesy, withdrew into the inner cabin. Motioning the sailor to a seat the general sank down on a transom, rested his elbow on the post-sill, leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed through the open port toward Cap-Rouge. Grafton did not presume to break the silence.

"Philip," he said at last, turning about and leaning forward toward his friend, "we try it to-night."

"Yes, James."

"And you are to have charge of the boats."

"Thank you for that."

"I wanted a good man upon whom I could depend. There must be no miscarriage here if we can help it. 'Tis our last chance. You saw Admiral Saunders, as I requested?"

"Yes, and he delays sailing for a short time longer, though he takes a great risk."

"A noble fellow!" exclaimed the young general heartily. "If he fails to take the town, I will ever bear testimony that our want of success was not due to any lack of co-operation on his part."

"Shall we succeed, think you, Wolfe?" asked Grafton.

"What think you of the prospects yourself?"

"I am a sailor, I know little of such things. Give me the deck of a ship and I am at home. I fear nothing there—unless it be a lee-shore—but on land I prefer your views."

"Shall we fail? God knows!" murmured Wolfe softly, half soliloquizing. "I tried to turn their flank on the Montmorenci and failed there. I tried a direct attack on the Beauport lines and failed again. This time I know not. The path's a poor one at best. A hundred men at the top might hold an army." suddenly, as if awakened from a dream. "Of course not! We shall not fail! We can't fail! Philip, I must have Quebec! And now, at that! 'Tis our last chance, and mine! 'Tis sure a hard fate, but this body of mine is done for. I may last for a few days longer, but my race is about run."

"Don't say that, James!" exclaimed his boyhood friend, protesting even against the bitter assurance in his heart of the truth of the dying soldier's words.

"It isn't the saying, old friend, but the fact, that makes it hard to bear—and 'tis true. This poor frail body is not equal to the demands I have made upon it. If it carry me through to-night and to-morrow I shall say naught. Death may have its way. Peace, Philip. I know what you would say, but I know myself 'tis useless. I want to strike one good blow for old England before I go. I should like to see the Cross of St. George floating above Cape Diamond before—but we shall see. Stobo says the path is practicable. He's a canny Scot and should know what he's talking about. I have examined it carefully as we floated past it, and I believe that we can get up. Once let me get on those plains and I interpose between Montcalm and his base of supplies. He must fight, retreat or surrender."

"'Tis easy to tell," answered Grafton, "what he will do then."

"Quite. He is a splendid soldier, as many of our poor fellows have cause to know—and a fighter always. I honor him."

"But suppose you get caught between Montcalm and Bougainville's men from Cap-Rouge, Wolfe?"

"The chances for their arriving on the field together are very remote, and we must crush the one who first makes his appearance. Then we can easily deal with the other."

"Have you issued all the necessary orders?"

"All."

"Have you thought of everything?"

"Everything but defeat. The men are to enter the boats about 11 o'clock," he continued. "They are to row up the river as if to make a landing at Cap-Rouge and then return to the ships. When the tide turns and the ebb begins they are to drop silently down the river. The ships will follow after an hour's interval. The boats will land the men at the designated point, and then go across to the other side and ferry over Burton's troops, who will have marched there before this, I presume. Those are your orders, Grafton."

"What then?"

"Then we will bide the issue. 'Tis a desperate hazard."

"Ay, desperate, indeed."

"We play for a great stake, Grafton, and fortune has been so hard to us perhaps the tide may turn and luck may serve."

"You are too wise a man to be lucky, Wolfe," responded the naval officer.

"Well, perhaps the luck will be with England, then. In fact, it is. Two deserters from Cap-Rouge have apprised us that a flotilla of provision boats is to be sent down to Quebec to-night. We will be that flotilla."

"Yes," laughed Grafton, "and give the French such a breakfast as they will find it difficult to digest, I'll warrant."

"Quite so," said Wolfe, smiling. "But now that you have your official instructions, Philip, there is another thing I want you to do for me."

"Anything on earth, old friend."

"I know that, I know that," answered the soldier. "You have always been a friend to me since we were boys together in old England. No one could be truer or better than you have been."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Grafton, hastily, with the Anglo-Saxon inclination to the avoidance of a scene. "We have been friends since my father sent me to the English school, where we met. I was a little colonial lad from Massachusetts, and mighty lonely I was, Jimmie, until you took me up and championed me."

"But you fought your own battles, Phil."

"You saw that I had fair play, anyway. I'll tell you what it is, Wolfe, if your body only equalled your spirit, what a knight you would have been!"

"Well, it's about that body that I want to speak. As I told you, I am doomed. I shall never get back to England alive; the sickness upon me is mortal. The physicians have said so, and I feel that it is true. Look at me, you can see for yourself! If it were not for the fight I should be on my back now, and if I have to die I'd rather do it on the field yonder—after we have won, of course—but that's as God pleases. This is what I want you to do."

As he spoke the young general unbuttoned his waistcoat, loosened his tie, and drew from his neck a little gold chain to which was attached a golden locket inclosed in a tight leather case. He slipped the chain over his head, drew the locket from the case, opened it and held it toward the light. He looked long and earnestly at the picture it contained—the portrait of a young and lovely woman. Observing that his friend had considerately turned his head, he raised it softly to his lips. A single tear fell upon the ivory miniature as he closed the locket, slipped it back in the leather case and extended it to Grafton. Deep tribute of affection lies in the tear of a soldier—of a soldier like Wolfe.

"When you get back to England, old friend," he said, slowly, "I want you to give this to Katharine Lowther, and tell her how, the night before I—before the battle, I mean, I gave it to you in the cabin of the ship, and how I loved her to the end. I have sent my farewells to my mother and the rest by some who know them, but I lay this last duty upon you. Nay, man, slip it around your neck. 'Twill not hurt Kitty, 'twould not hurt any girl to have her portrait worn against so honest a man's heart. And—" he hesitated, "don't mention this to any one, and see that it does not leave your person until you give it to her. Now, Philip, we must go. Your hand, old friend, and good-by."

"God bless you, Jim," answered Philip, his voice choking with emotion. "On my word I will tell no one of it, and no one shall see it or know it until I give it to Miss Lowther. I pledge you, old friend. But I won't say good-by. I hope to congratulate you to-morrow—in Quebec."

CHAPTER X.

THE BEGINNING OF THE HAZARD.

SIX bells were striking on the Sutherland as Wolfe and Grafton came out of the cabin. As the sound of the mournful couplets rang out through the night the bells of the other vessels caught up the slow refrain and the sound was repeated from ship to ship over the dark river. The character of the night had changed slightly. Faint clouds were drifting athwart the starlit heavens, and there were heavy banks to the southward which looked like rain.

"Will you show the signals, Admiral Holmes?" asked Wolfe, as he stepped on deck. "We are all ready, I believe, sir."

"Very well, general," responded the admiral, turning to Capt. Rous and giving him an order. A moment later two lanterns were hoisted, one above the other, at the spanker-gaff end. The signal was immediately repeated throughout the squadron. Shrill whistles rang out as the boatswain's mates of the different ships bawled out hoarse commands.

Instantly the soldiers and sailors came swarming to their stations.

[To Be Continued.]

Crushing Retort.

The young man had pleaded eloquently. But the sweet young thing had been obdurate. Again and again he entreated her to give him some room for hope. But she would not. At last as his final plea he said:

"You do not love me now, you say you will never marry. You will not always be young, though to my eyes, you will always be beautiful. What of the future?"

"As to that," she replied, "I cannot say. For I can state with perfect truthfulness, looking you straight in the eyes, that I have absolutely nothing in view."

Gathering from this remark her estimate of him, he arose, and, after carefully brushing his knees, left the house.—Baltimore American.

Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:33 pm, 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm 8:23 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—6:05 am; 7:50 am; 8:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 8:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am 8:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:51 pm.
To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.

F. B. CARR, Agt.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI.

Arr. from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:35 pm.
Lve. for Frankfort—9:30 am; 5:42 pm.
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